

Do you remember? by Jancys-Blue-Bayou

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Summary: Nancy and Jonathan reminisce over their childhood years and when they first like, like-liked each other.

Do you remember?

"Do you remember when we first met?"

They're just laid cuddling in his bed one night when Nancy asks him the question. It's been a wonderful day in all its simplicity. Being with Nancy will never be simplistic of course, but it's nice that they've now been together long enough to have developed routines. Comfortable and nice, just spending all their time together doing nothing special. Nothing special is really nice after everything they've gone through. After school they went to his house, studied together for awhile. Had dinner with his family. Fooled around in his room for awhile. Then Nancy said good night to him, his mom and his brother. And then snuck back in through his bedroom window as always. He suspects his mom has seen right through their routine but as long as she doesn't bring it up, he's sure as hell not going to so they keep going at this charade pretending like he and Nancy doesn't also spend all their nights together.

"Of course. First day of kindergarten. You had a pink dress and pink backpack and you had your hair in two braids. With pink scrunchies," he smiles at the still vivid memory of five year old Nancy Wheeler.

"I like pink," she tells him and gives him a light smack on the arm. "But I don't really remember you from the first day, I think it was the third day I noticed you."

"Makes sense, I tried to make myself invisible. School was scary with all the new people."

"Aw."

"But yes it was the third day. You were the first person who talked to me. I mean, besides Mrs. Morton."

"Aw, really? You didn't speak to anyone the first two days?"

"No, I was scared to. Everything was new, the first day I just tried to get used to everything. I thought I would try and talk to someone the second day but when I was walking in uh, Steve and Tommy pointed

out my old shoes and jacket and laughed because they were old and scuffed and too big for me. Since I was supposed to grow into them. And everyone turned around and looked and laughed so then I figured it best to try and not to be noticed so I didn't say anything."

"That's awful, I don't remember that."

"I don't think you were there right then."

"Steve used to be such a little jerk. Tommy still is."

"Yeah. Well, water under the bridge now. Anyway, so yeah you were the first person who talked to me, the next day. When you asked me if I wanted to play hopscotch with you and Barb."

"You were just stood in the corner of the schoolyard near us."

"I was trying to stay clear of the boys."

"You said yes though, when I asked you. Why did you do that if you wanted to be invisible?"

"I don't know... you seemed nice. And even if I've never exactly been the most sociable..."

"No, stop..." Nancy josses him.

"... three days of no talking was a bit much even for me. So I said yes because you seemed nice and I had seen you and Barb play hopscotch before and I thought that looked more fun than that game the boys played where they threw the ball at each other and then just tackled each other to the ground."

"Hah, yeah. Barb didn't want me too invite you to play with us at first I remember. We were pretty suspicious of all boys but you seemed different. You were quiet, I didn't know boys could be quiet."

"Really?" He chuckles.

"Well yeah all the other boys in the class was just... loud. And Mike was almost two years old and very loud. You were the first boy I met who wasn't loud, I liked that."

He giggles at that.

"I wish I had played more with you. I don't get why we didn't, you were fun to play with it even though you were so shy. But I was so tied to Barb, we did pretty much everything together just the two of us back then."

"Yeah... I wish we had too but, eh. It is what it is. Maybe if I'd been less shy."

"You wouldn't have been you then. Hey, remember when Mike and Will started kindergarten?"

"Yeah. Will was so nervous just like I'd been but I promised him I'd show him around and all, that I'd have his back and that he'd meet lots of new friends. He was glued to my side for as long as he could, he didn't want to go into class when the bell rung and we'd have to go our separate ways."

"Aw."

"And I remember I was worried since they had recess earlier than us, if he'd be okay. But when I got out he was on the swings with Mike and talking to him like they'd known each other forever. And then you were there next to me."

"Yeah. It was the same for me, I promised mom I'd look after Mike. He was such a scaredy cat back then and shy. He told me after that Will asked him to play on the swings with him and that was that. So I could kind of back off. But you know, when I first saw Mike on the swings with Will I had to look twice because Will looked so much like you did in kindergarten. Right down to the clothes even."

"Yeah I remember, you turned to me and said he must be my brother."

"And you said yes and asked me if Mike was my brother."

"And you said yes and asked me to play again."

They lay in a comfortable silence for awhile, the trip down memory lane evoking more images of the past to think of. Nancy breaks the

silence first.

"Do you remember when they talked us into being part of their campaign?"

"I remember you in elf ears," Jonathan giggles.

"Shut up! I was being a good sister," Nancy smacks him on the arm again but can't help but giggle herself.

"You always were."

"Eh, not always. Not like you. Best brother in the world. You know Mike told me years ago he was jealous that Will had a cool older brother. You were always the coolest."

"To nerdy twelve year old boys," Jonathan self-deprecatingly notes with a smirk.

"Hey, I think you're pretty cool too," Nancy grins and gives him a peck on the cheek.

"Thanks, you too. I always thought you were cool."

"Oh please, not just another suburban girl?" She smirks.

"Nope, that was me being dumb," he smiles.

The silence returns for a few moments while he's thinking, remembering. He presses a kiss to her hair and speaks up again.

"Do you know when I first realized I really um, liked you?"

Nancy pokes her head up, intrigued.

"No?"

"It was sixth grade I think, Halloween. When we took the boys trick or treating. The boys were all doing Star Wars as a group costume and Will talked me into being Obi-Wan. I was going to look after them anyway so. But I didn't know you were coming too."

"Mike begged me to be Princess Leia. Apparently it wouldn't be a

complete group costume without a Leia. I agreed because I liked to dress up. I think that's how he managed to convince me to be an elf for DnD that time too."

"I remember thinking you looked pretty even with the ridiculous Leia hair."

"When I commit, I commit."

"I know. And I love that. And the moment I realized I really really liked you was-"

"Ooh you really *really* liked me?" She interrupts with a grin.

"Shut up," he chuckles and rolls his eyes.

"Like, like-*liked* me?" She continues, waggling her eyebrows at him.

"... yes, at that age I really really like, like-*liked* you," he concedes. She snickers and gives him another kiss on the cheek. "And the moment I realized it was when we were all leaving your house to go trick or treating and you took out a whole city map and folded it out on the ground and you had marked out in detail every block and street we needed to hit for the best candy, and in what order."

"That was the moment?"

"Yeah. Because you looked really cute in your outfit and you were really smart, like, I don't think anyone else ever would've thought like you. I still don't. Whether it's to score the best haul at trick or treating or to defeat a monster I... always loved your plans. And the haul was *good*."

Nancy kisses him on the lips. He closes his eyes, relishing the feeling of her lips on his. When he opens his eyes she's beaming, looking down at him.

"You are sweet. But did you know I kind of liked-liked you before that?"

"What? You did?"

This revelation surprises him. He knows his own feelings of course, knows what he had *kind of* liked Nancy for years before things started to really happen between them. But he has never considered that she would've felt anything for him really before that autumn they were thrown together in a life and death search for their loved ones.

"Fifth grade. When we actually took them to see Star Wars. Remember?"

"Yeah. I remember them having light saber battles the whole way home."

"Me too," Nancy giggles at the memory.

"And sitting with you next to the aisle because the boys wanted to sit closer to the center. I was nervous about that, sitting next to you."

"I was excited to sit next to you instead of Mike," Nancy grins. "But don't you remember what happened? With the popcorn?"

"The popcorn?"

"I dropped mine when someone bumped into me when we were finding our seats. And I was upset about it because mom had given me money to buy popcorn for me and Mike and a soda each and now I had wasted mine. But you immediately insisted I'd have yours instead. I had to convince you that you didn't have to give me all but that we could maybe share, which we did."

"Oh yeah, I remember. I felt bad. Losing popcorn would've upset me too so I wanted to make it right."

"And you did. And I thought that was real nice of you, you didn't have to do that but you wanted to do it. You were nice and kind because that's who you were. Are, who you are. And then I accidentally grabbed your hand when I was reaching for popcorn and it was the first time I ever held hands with a boy. And I liked it. Even though we let go of each other in an instant like we'd been shocked," Nancy dissolves into giggles at that last part. He laughs with her.

"It was the first time for me too. Holding hands, with a girl I mean. Do you know the second time?"

"No?"

"Also with you. In your bedroom, the morning after I pulled you from the tree. When your mom didn't knock."

The way she's smiling down at him makes his heart do somersaults. She leans down and kisses him again, in the process taking both his hands in hers, holding them while letting them rest on his chest. Her thumb strokes his scar.

"I remember."